Two Negro Stories from Jamaica
Author(s): Pamela Coleman Smith
Source: *The Journal of American Folklore*, Vol. 9, No. 35 (Oct. - Dec., 1896), p. 278
Published by: American Folklore Society
Stable URL: http://www.jstor.org/stable/534115
Accessed: 22/05/2014 01:16

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at
http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

American Folklore Society is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *The Journal of American Folklore.*

http://www.jstor.org

This content downloaded from 91.229.248.167 on Thu, 22 May 2014 01:16:18 AM
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions

TWO NEGRO STORIES FROM JAMAICA.

ANNANCY AND THE YAM HILLS.

ONE time Annancy libed in a country where the Queen's name was Five, an' she was a witch; an' she say whoeber say five was to fall down dead. It was berry hungry times, and so Annancy go build himself a little house by de side of de riber. An' him make five yam hills. An' when anybody come to get water at de riber he call them an' say: "I beg you tell me how many yam hills I hab here. I can't count berry well." So den dey would come in and say, "One, two, three, four, *five!*" an' fall down dead. Then Annancy take dem an' corn dem in his barrel an' eat dem, an' so he live in hungry times — in plenty. So time go on, an' one day Guinea fowl come dat way, an' Annancy say: "Beg you, Missus, tell me how many yam hills hab I here." So Guinea fowl go an' sit on hill an' say: "One, two, three, four, an' de one I am sittin' on!" "Cho!" say Annancy; "you don't count it right!" An' Guinea fowl mouve to anoder yam hill an' say: "Yes, one, two, three, four, an' de one I am sittin' on!" "He! you don't count right at all!" "How you count, den?" "Why dis way," say Annancy: "One, two, three, four, FIVE!" an' he fell down dead, an' Guinea fowl eat him up!

Dis story show dat "Greedy choak puppy."

DE STORY OF DE MAN AND SIX POACHED EGGS.

Once a man go travellin' an' he get hungry, so he stop at a tavern an' order something to eat, so dey bring him six poached eggs. He eat dem, but he did not hab any money, so he say he would come back an' pay. In six years — or maybe it was more — he come back an' pay sixpence for de eggs. But den de tavern keeper say dat if he had not eaten de six poached eggs dey might hab been chickens, and den de chickens would hab grown up and hatch more chickens, an' dey more — an' more — an' more — an' tell de man he must pay six pounds instead of sixpence. An' de man say he would not. So dey go to de judge. An' while dey was conversin' a boy come in wid a bundle under his arm. An' de judge say: "What you got in de bundle?" and de boy say, "Parch'peas, sa!" "What you goin' do wid dem?" "Plant dem, sa!" "Hi!" say de judge, "you can't plant parch'peas, dey won't grow!" "Well, sa, an' poached eggs won't hatch!" So dey dismiss de man and he neber pay a penny!

Dis story show dat you mus' neber count you' eggs before dey hatch!

Pamela Coleman Smith.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

This content downloaded from 91.229.248.167 on Thu, 22 May 2014 01:16:18 AM
All use subject to JSTOR Terms and Conditions